

## UNWILLINGLY WON A TALL, NICE GIRL.

Fifteen Minutes After He  
Met Her They Were  
Betrothed.

BUT LEIB WOULD NOT WED

So Lena Sued Him for the \$500  
Named in the Marriage  
Contract.

HYMEN HAS A PULLER-IN.

Goldfarb Came from Germantown to  
Buy Goods, but an Enter-  
prising Schatchen Got  
Hold of Him.

There are two versions of how Leib Goldfarb came to establish tender relations with Lena Weinstein, and both went before a Supreme Court jury yesterday in order that it might be determined whether Leib owed Lena \$500 on account of a broken marriage contract—that sum having been "nominated in the bond" as the forfeiture of which ever lover should fail to toe the matrimonial mark on the date agreed upon.

Lena told her version first with many coquettish glances at Justice Freedman. But whereas Lena is pretty and Leib is not, Leib's version shall be told first, partly because it sounds like an Arabian Nights' tale, partly because it was narrated with such intense and potent earnestness, and partly because it sheds a better light on the path of unsophisticated young provincial merchants who listen to the honeyed tones of total strangers on the East Side.

Said Leib Goldfarb, leaning forward in the witness chair and devouring the jury with his great black eyes:

"Nem, not so, mit! I say kervick. 'I was by New York der goots to get, not der wife. Unt ven she put her face ver' close py me I say: 'I may get marrit yet, but not so kervick—not in fifteen minutes.' Unt Willinsky he say: 'You was tanfoel, vy you don't a date make mit dat vine, tall girl. She vill keep schtore mit you goot.' Den dis Lena Weinstein aroundt of der glass unt take me py der front of der glass unt say: 'We make vat a fine couple, mein teat! But something else I tink of unt I say:

"Der goots I can pay unt sell again, but der wife if I pay I cannot sell." Leib Goldfarb passed impressively, and a deep silence fell upon the court as the profundity of this bit of philosophy impressed itself on the minds of Judge, jury, counsel and spectators. Then, with melodramatic intensity, the defendant went on to describe how Miss Weinstein's father appeared, how Willinsky ordered two glasses of "wine," and how he said the "fine nice girl" drank to their own future happiness.

"Not der vine was id, but der viskey," he declared, making a wry face that caused one apostolic juror nearly to overbalance himself in his chair. "It tasted funny, peside. Den Willinsky a paper gif me unt say: 'Sign, mein teat!' unt 'do not know any more vnt next happened only Willinsky vent ovid unt der door locked. 'Chudge' and the witness turned an awe-stricken face to the Bench—'I got trem'."

"Ver' sick I was already yet, unt a Rabbi

## SOME OTHER HAND THAN HIS OWN SLEW HOFFMAN.

A Trusted Employe Arrested Charged with Murdering the New  
York Merchant in San Francisco.

That Isaac Hoffman, of Hoffman, Rothschild & Co., Nos. 564 and 566 Broadway, committed suicide in his branch store in San Francisco last June has been believed by all his friends. Yesterday, however, the dead man's brother, Charles Hoffman, received a long telephone from the widow conveying the information that it was not suicide, but murder.

The telegram accuses Theodore A. Fiegel, a trusted employe who had been with the house for years and who is now under arrest, held without bail, in San Francisco, charged with murder.

At the time of Mr. Hoffman's death his brother, Charles, senior member of the firm, was ill in Colorado. He received a telegram announcing the death, but not stating the cause. Mr. Hoffman did not learn that his brother was believed to have committed suicide until after he returned to his home in New York recently. Mr. Hoffman wrote to his brother's widow, asking what could have caused Isaac to kill himself. He also asked his sister-in-law to return to New York with her children and make this city her home.

He received no reply until yesterday, when a telegram from the widow came announcing that her husband was not a suicide, but that he had been murdered, and that Fiegel was held for trial without bail, charged with the crime.

Mr. Hoffman was found dead in his San Francisco office, which is a branch of the New York establishment. A pistol was clamped in his right hand and three bullets were in his head. The coroner's jury rendered a verdict of suicide. The widow and the dead man's San Francisco friends were not satisfied with this verdict. They began an investigation on their own account. It developed that any one of the three bullet wounds was sufficient to have produced death, and a physician, who examined the wounds at the time the body was found, and who afterwards made an autopsy, said it would have been impos-

ible for the man to have fired more than one of the bullets into his own head, for the reason that he would have become unconscious as soon as the first ball entered the brain.

Suspicion then rested upon Fiegel. All along he had been strong in upholding the suicide theory, and the investigation was carried out without his even knowing that anything else was suspected.

Then began an investigation into the accounts of the trusted bookkeeper, and it was found that he was many thousands of dollars short. The only person who was likely to detect this shortage was Isaac Hoffman. Then other evidence was brought out, and Fiegel's arrest followed. So damaging was the evidence against him that the Police Justice who held him over to the Grand Jury is said to have told the widow that in his mind there was no doubt of Fiegel's guilt.

Mr. Hoffman was murdered in his office in the evening, and his body was not found for several hours. He was shot in his office chair and then the pistol was thrust into his hand so that it would not have the least semblance of murder. The failure of the coroner and other San Francisco officials to discover that the man was murdered is strongly denounced by the Hoffman family.

Mr. Hoffman was well known in New York, where he spent six months out of each year. He was a man of considerable wealth and his family relations were so happy that from the first those who knew him best doubted that he had taken his own life.

When the news that he had been murdered reached the office of the firm yesterday an impromptu meeting of the employees was held, at which resolutions of condolence were passed. When seen at his home, No. 163 West Ninety-third street, last night, Charles Hoffman, said:

"You can imagine the shock that the telegram I received to-day occasioned. From what I have learned I have no doubt that my brother was murdered by Fiegel for the purpose of covering up his shortage. I do think the coroner and police officials who tried to make his death appear a suicide were very careless. Fiegel will be punished, you can rely on that. Neither time nor money will be spared in meeting out justice to him."

came, unt after mit Willinsky I vent ovid unt he ask me for \$25 for he gif me ein tall nice girl to marry. unt I say der was no marriage, unt he say der unt say he gif der bolles. Den I gif him \$5 unt mein check for \$15."

Willinsky protested on the witness stand that he had really known Goldfarb for years, that the latter had entreated him to find him a wife, and that the drawing up of their marriage contract had been accompanied by the administration of drugged whiskey to the wooer. Rabbi Guldstein, who performed the betrothal ceremony, and he had not observed any signs of intoxication about Goldfarb. And Lena, coquettish Lena, vowed that it was a pure love match—that indeed, she still thought tenderly of Goldfarb despite the things he had said about her.

The jury was instructed to deliver a sealed verdict this morning.

Janitor got loaded—was discharged. A reliable man has been secured in his place through a Journal Want ad.

**Large Car Float to Be Launched.**

The largest car float in existence will be launched at 7 o'clock to-morrow morning from Nixon's shipyard at Elizabeth, N. J. The float is 30 feet long and will be used in Chesapeake Bay. Four tracks are laid on the deck and it is capable of carrying its load which may be placed in the cars. It has taken over five months to build the monster. The float will be shipped off without any ceremony.

"Ver' sick I was already yet, unt a Rabbi

## ILLINOIS MINERS OUT.

There is 14 Cents a Ton Difference Between Themselves and the Operators, and They Are Determined.

Spring Valley, Ill., Sept. 24.—The miners of this city in mass meeting to-day sent their demand to the Spring Valley Coal Company to pay the price made at Springfield—64 cents, gross weight, with all the conditions therein named.

The company will not pay more than 62½ cents, screened coal, equal to 50 cents, gross weight. This puts the mine operator and miners 14 cents apart, and means that the mines here will be closed till May 1, 1898. Miners are guarding the shafts to prevent any outsiders doing work for the company. Men to-day to the number of 2,000 voted to march to the shafts at night and morning to see that no one went to work.

The mining population, composed of English, Italians, Poles, Lithuanians, Belgians and negroes, is solid against working under the reduction, and most of them are in a deplorable condition of destitution. Many of the big coal mines in the vicinity have already started work under the advanced rate of wages made in Springfield this week. It is expected that 1,000 miners will desert Spring Valley inside of the next thirty days and seek work in other mines. Those who remain will be partly supported by the 10 per cent assessment levied on the wages of working miners and by other outside contributions.

**HIS BODY BROKE THE WALL**

So Tightly Was Levy Crushed by the Elevator that It Gave Way and He Was Killed.

Alexander Levy, aged fifty, a retired manufacturer, was almost instantly killed yesterday while attempting to board an elevator in the factory of which his son and son-in-law are proprietors.

Levy, who lived at No. 46 Eldridge street, had retired from business, turning over the hoisting establishment at No. 253 Grand street to his son and son-in-law. The firm style now is Levy & Levy. The old man made one of his daily visits to the place yesterday.

There is a freight elevator in the place, run by almost any one who cares to handle it. Levy started the elevator downward from the second floor, and tried to step on. He slipped and fell between the floor of the car and the wall of the shaft. He became wedged in, and was horribly crushed.

The old man's screams attracted his son-in-law, who arrived at the bottom of the shaft just as the bruised body fell. The wall of the shaft is of plaster and lath, and so tightly was Levy jammed that the wall was broken. An ambulance was summoned, but it was too late.

**MRS. NACK HAS HER OLD CHAIR.**

Guldensuppe Gave It to Her, She Says. No Fear of Suicide.

The rocking chair, which was part of the furniture in Mrs. Nack's cell in the Tombs Prison, and which, she says, was presented to her by Guldensuppe, was transferred to the Queens County Jail yesterday and placed in her room there. She expressed herself as very thankful for the chair was her "best companion."

Both Sheriff Doherty and District Attorney Youngs ridiculed yesterday the reports that it was possible for the famous prisoners to escape or commit suicide.

The Sheriff said the prisoners were closely guarded day and night, and that Mrs. Nack would not be deprived of her knitting needles. He also denied that the woman and Thorne had spies as cell companions.

**Bullet Pierced Head's Heart.**

Ridgfield, Conn., Sept. 24.—An autopsy on the body of Charles Mead, who was murdered Wednesday night by his son-in-law, James Kelley, showed that the bullet had passed through the heart, pierced the right lung and lower part of the chest, and lodged in the lower part of the body, right side.

## KEENE WINS TUXEDO CUP.

He Proves Himself as Good at Golf as He Is at Polo, Flat Racing and Other Sports.

Foxhall Keene was again the hero of the links at the Tuxedo Club open tournament yesterday. He beat young R. P. Huntington in the finals for the Tuxedo Cup, the most valuable prize of the week, in a most impressive style. At polo and in flat racing Keene has always ranked nearly as high in ability as a professional, and, judging by his great score, he will soon be nearly as great at golf as a professional. He won by seven up and first to play in the match of 30 holes.

The way Keene won was worth studying. Standing out in the morning, although rain was falling made the first hole, of 304 yards, in three, and then the next hole, of 176, fell to him in the same low figure. At the end of the first nine holes Keene was three holes in the lead, and his strokes to that point only aggregated 37, which equalled the amateur record held by Dr. E. C. Rushmore. Huntington played so pluckily that at the eighteenth hole he had reduced Keene's lead to two holes up, but this was the best he could do.

The players had fine weather with them in the afternoon. Beginning the seventh hole (the twenty-fifth of the match) Keene was three up. He then made the 100-yard seventh hole in two, a wonderfully good performance, as it is a blind hole, and thereafter to the last Keene's worst hole was a four, while two threes further glorified the card. It was a series of holes that nobody could have beaten. The cards follow:

Foxhall Keene..... 37  
R. P. Huntington..... 40  
E. C. Rushmore..... 41  
J. H. Smith..... 42  
W. H. Russell..... 43  
J. H. Smith..... 44  
W. H. Russell..... 45  
J. H. Smith..... 46  
W. H. Russell..... 47  
J. H. Smith..... 48  
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W. H. Russell..... 95  
J. H. Smith..... 96  
W. H. Russell..... 97  
J. H. Smith..... 98  
W. H. Russell..... 99  
J. H. Smith..... 100

If you are looking for a good business opportunity, make known your desire through a Journal Want ad.

**Pushed Off a Trolley Car.**

William Russell, a boss mason, was pushed off a trolley car yesterday morning while on his way to his home in Franklin avenue, East Mount Vernon. Russell struck on the back of his head and the physician at Mount Vernon Hospital fear his skull is fractured.

**ITCHING SKIN DISEASES**

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Itch, itching, burning, and scaly skin and scalp diseases, with loss of hair—Wash with CUTICURA SOAP, gentle applications of CUTICURA ointment, and eat doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, greatest of blood purifiers and humor cures.

**RED ROUGH HANDS** Softened and Beautified by CUTICURA SOAP.

**ARE AMERICAN WOMEN SPOILED?**

A Notable Discussion on Editor Stead's Surprising Statement in Last Sunday's Journal.

**SHOCKING REVELATIONS OF A FAMILY OF FIENDS WHO HAVE MURDERED 20 PEOPLE.**

**50 OTHER FEATURES, BESIDES A WHOLE SUPPLEMENT OF HUMOR.**

**In Next Sunday's Journal.**

## Pertinent Questions.

Why Will a Woman Throw Away Her Good Looks and Comfort?



Why will a woman drag out a sickly, half-hearted existence and miss three-quarters of the joy of living, when she has health almost within her grasp? If she does not value her good looks, does she not value her comfort?

Why, my sister, will you suffer that dull pain in the small of your back, those bearing-down, dragging sensations in the loins, that terrible fullness in the lower bowel, caused by constipation proceeding from the womb lying over and pressing on the rectum? Do you know that these are signs of displacement, and that you will never be well while that lasts?

What a woman needs who is thus affected is to strengthen the ligaments so they will keep her organs in place. There is nothing better for this purpose than Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. The great volume of testimony which is constantly rolling in, proves that the Compound is constantly curing thousands of just such cases.

The following letter from Mrs. Marlow is only one of many thousands which Mrs. Pinkham has received this year from those she has relieved—surely such testimony is convincing:

"My trouble commenced after the birth of my last child. I did not know what was the matter with me. My husband went to our family physician and described my symptoms, and he said I had displacement and falling of the womb. He sent me some medicine, but it did little good. I let it go on about two years, and every time I did any hard work my womb would come down. Finally a lady friend advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which I did. The first bottle helped me so much, I continued to take it right along. My back was almost the same as no back. I could not lift scarcely any weight. My life was just a drag to me. To-day I am well of my womb trouble, and have a good, strong back, thanks to Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. L. MARLOW, Milford, Ill.

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Alan Dale Writes About a Young Woman Who Will Soon Amuse Us. ARE AMERICAN WOMEN SPOILED? Little Cleo Tells (with Photos) Just How She Does Up Her Hair.

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